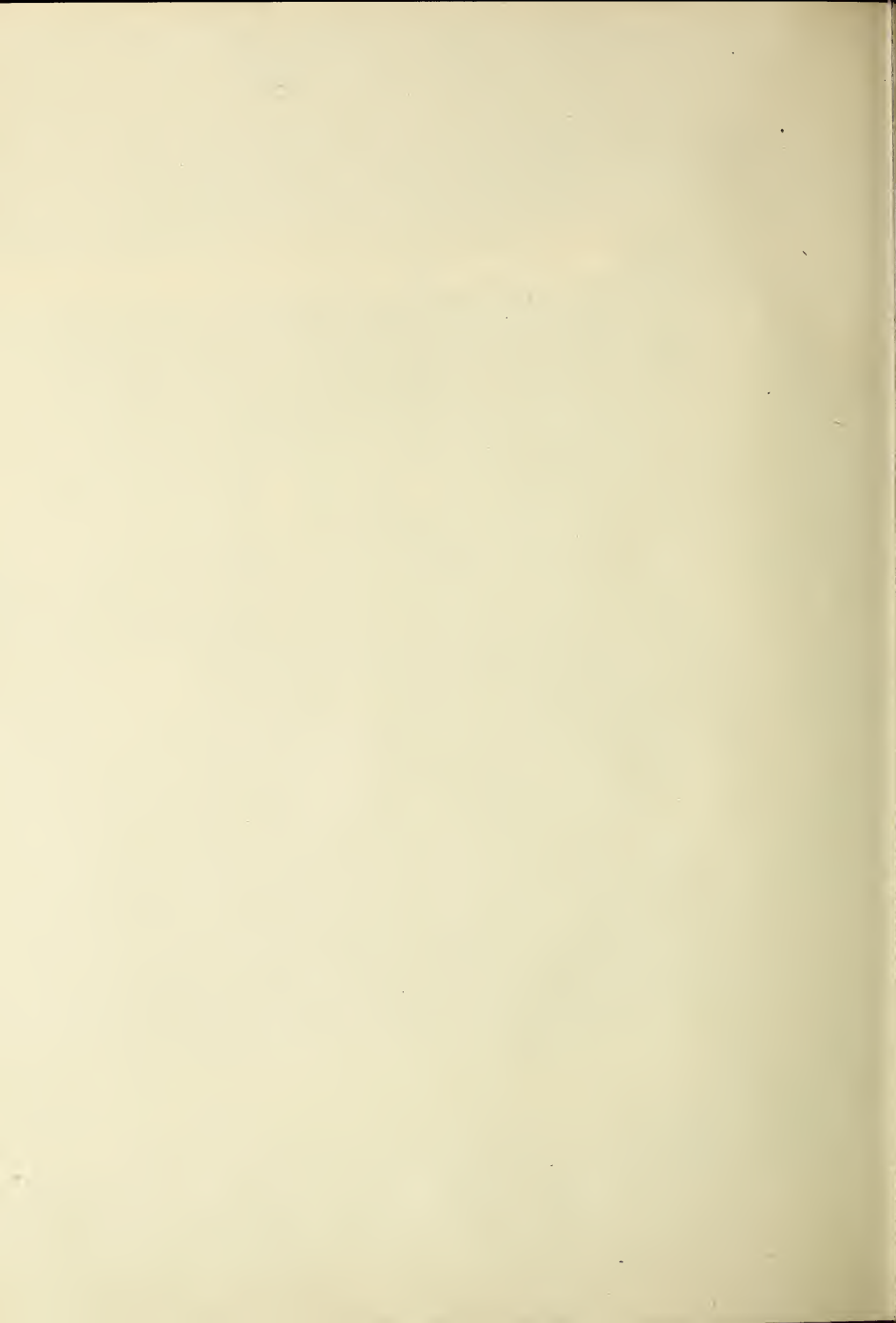


CHAPTER X
"HISTORY WABASH VALLEY"

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From "Tribune"



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COMPATRIOTS: I am worn out answering the question: "Why don't you pay any attention to February 12 and May 30?" and once for all I want to tell you that my great-grandfather, on my father's side, was murdered on the British prison ship *Jersey* during the Revolutionary War. My great-grandfather on my mother's side was a Scotch Presbyterian and was with General George Washington when they were going to Virginia and stopped on Saturday at Princeton, N. J., and, learning that Rev. Witherspoon was going to observe the Lord's Supper the next day, they went to him and asked him whether they would be permitted to participate, and they were assured that they could, as it was not a Presbyterian but the Lord's Supper, and they all joined in together and Gen. George Washington said afterward that it seemed to inspire him and he went on to Virginia determined to do or die.

My grandfathers were in the War of 1812 and defended the republic that Gen. George Washington established. My father was editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, during the Mexican War, and supported the administration of President James K. Polk. All my ancestors were patriots and helped make and perpetuate a slave-holders' republic, and it is with pride that I can refer to their record.

Who were the Lincolns? They were British Quaker emigrants and settled in Pennsylvania, and Thomas Lincoln and his father were in a block house in Berks County, Pa., as British traitors to this country and helped England in every way they could. After the Revolutionary War the patriots made it so unpleasant for the Lincolns that they refugeeed to Harding county, Ky.

Thomas Lincoln, the father of the sixteenth President of the United States, was partial to dark meat, and he became enamored with an ex-chattel by the name of Nancy Hanks, and when her mistress made the discovery of her delicate condition the ladies of the neighborhood made such an up-

roar that Thomas Lincoln was compelled to marry her, and in six months afterward the sixteenth President was born, and his mother always attributed his sad face to this circumstance. It became so hot over in Hardin county, Kentucky, that they refugeeed to Spencer county, Indiana, and remained there until 1830, when the Democrats passed a law prohibiting the living together of whites and blacks. That did not suit the Lincolns, and they put their worldly goods in a "schooner" hauled by an ox team and crossed the Wabash River on a ferry boat at Vincennes, Ind., as refugees, and settled up near Decatur, Ill.

A wag one day, as a joke, told him that under our system of government anyone could be President; it did not require an education as much as it did a fellow with a good memory and brass, and, as he possessed both of these qualities, why not sail in? He went over to Springfield and got a job in Judge Trimbull's office as spittoon cleaner and kept his eyes and ears open to court affairs. After he had been there a few years he began to solicit business for himself. He would get the particulars of a case, take it to the Judge and the Judge would tell him what to do, and in this way he obtained the reputation of being a lawyer when he was only the Judge's mouthpiece.

He first ran for the Legislature, and was such an outspoken abolitionist that the Whigs ran him for Congress, and he was in the House of Representatives from Illinois during our war with Mexico, and was a pronounced traitor to the United States and did everything in his power for the Mexicans and to starve our soldiers. He was such a curiosity and would draw attention for his singular appearance, is the reason that the abolitionists pushed him into a debate with Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. Wendell Phillips, in New England, wrote the speeches in reply to Douglas for Ham Lincoln, and he declaimed them and a mutilation of a wrapper in the mails exposed the fraud. When the

speeches would fail to connect Lincoln would get up and eulogize Douglas to kill the time.

In 1859 Lincoln did everything in his power to assist John Brown in his murderous invasion of Virginia and the chattels of the land of our brave Washington gave him to understand that they were satisfied with their masters. If Lincoln and the rest of John Brown's abettors had been hung as traitors, there would have been no war between the states.

During the campaign of 1860 I was standard-bearer of one of the three crack military companies in Ohio. We were all Democrats, at least our fathers were. I saw Breckenridge and Lane, Douglas and Johnson, Bell and Everett, and Lincoln and Hamlin. All the rallies were patriotic except the abolition candidates. They tried to get sympathy by having men on wagons splitting rails and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" productions. The result of the election was a surprise to everyone. Every patriot felt that if Lincoln did not back down from the John Brown platform that he was elected on he would drive the South out of the Union.

After the 4th of March, 1861, there was a peace convention called at Richmond, Va., and all the South asked was that their property would not be destroyed, and Ham Lincoln drove every Southern state out of the old Union rather than accord to the South their rights under the old Constitution. Think of a human being that could have saved the destruction of the South with one word and he would not give it. The peace convention broke up in a row. The next move the abolition President made was to send a delegation to consult Hon. Stephen A. Douglas at Chicago, to find out what the Northern Democrats would do in case he drove the South out of the Union, and Douglas' reply was that "the Northern Democrats would not suffer a division of the Union," and when they returned Lincoln commenced the war by sending reinforcements to Charleston Harbor to support Fort Sumter.

The first call for troops was for 75,000 men for 90 days, and all of my company of Democrats enlisted except one other beside myself. I had just completed by freshman year in college and was anxious to have an education, and, as there was so much excitement in Ohio, my father decided to send me to the best Catholic university in the world, in France. It was during my resi-

dence there that Lincoln issued his proclamation enlisting the niggers to fight the Anglo-Saxons, and the Paris Figaro called him a "beast," which clung to him the rest of his life. In April, 1865, I was attending my last year in college at the University of Edinburgh. We recited in the forenoon and in the afternoon and evening got our lessons for the following day. My Hebrew professor, Gregory, was a consumptive, and, wishing to ask him something relative to the lesson the next morning, I followed him into a tavern, and just as I got inside there was a Scotchman on a stool giving a toast like this: "Here is to the patriot that pulled the trigger that killed the knave that freed the nigger." And such an ovation as was given the sentiment was enough to make the hills of "bonnie Scotland" tremble. I was graduated in June, a master of six languages. Went down to Liverpool and took passage for home. My father had intended to be present at my graduation, but the anarchy prevalent in Ohio prevented his coming. When I arrived in New York all that I heard was "the late lamented," and each one vied with their neighbors to see who could tell the biggest lie about the first Republican President, and all these lies went into history, the encyclopedias and the school books. I was at Macon, Ga., one summer, and when Capt. Park, who was with President Davis and his wife when the news came that Lincoln was killed, said that Mrs. Jefferson Davis cried, I thought him a prince of liars, but when Mrs. Davis acknowledged the crying in her "memoirs" I had to admit my mistake.

I knew that the accomplished daughter of Gov. Salmon P. Chase was opposed to her father's going to Lincoln's Cabinet, on the ground of Lincoln's being an infidel, so two years after the close of the war there was a reunion of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment, and, as many of my companions were in that regiment and the colonel was such a moral man that our minister let his three sons go in. He was president of a Campbellite school at Hiram at the breaking out of the war, and when I was introduced to him I propounded this question: "Was Lincoln an infidel?" And this was James A. Garfield's answer: "It was the sorrow of my life that Lincoln was an infidel, for had he been a Christian he would not have been killed at Ford's Theater when the whole

country was in mourning, both North and South."

In the spring of 1880 I met at dinner at my father's house in Ohio the two Northern generals that won the decisive battles for the North—Gen. W. S. Hancock at Gettysburg and Gen. James B. Steadman at Chickamauga. I was left to entertain Gen. Hancock. We strolled along High street, and in a book store window was a picture of Ham Lincoln, surrounded by his family, pretending to be reading the Bible, and the General had to tell me the joke about this picture. After Lincoln drove the South out of the Union by threatening them with a universal John Brown raid, his Vice-President, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, suggested that he have a court jester like the crowned heads of Europe. So he sends up to Maine for a wag by the name of Jack Downing. Jack had a chum, a Methodist colporteur, who came down to Washington to visit him, and these two put up a scheme on Lincoln, using their Bible and taking a daguerreotype of the Lincoln family so that they could sell the picture and deceive the pious women of the North. It worked like a charm and they made lots of money out of the suckers.

Lincoln had a joke for everything, even the Saviour. It was this, "the idea of Joseph and Mary sleeping together for years and she keeping a virgin, then have a son as a virgin, and afterward have a lot of 'brats' in the old-fashioned way was no Saviour for me." Gen. Hancock was the only saviour he ever had, when he saved him from Lee. When the federal generals would go to Washington and tell Lincoln that Stonewall Jackson and other Confederate generals would pray before they went into battle, Lincoln would say: "If the North wins in this war with all their cussing there is no God, and if the South is successful with all their praying there is a God."

Lincoln was blackballed three times by the Masons, for in those days a candidate had to be a man free-born, of lawful age and a believer in God, and had it not been for his white wife he would have joined a nigger lodge at Washington. No wonder that Bob Ingersoll tried to make a hero of Ham Lincoln. He was a Voodist, like Mrs. Rhorer, who brought a rattlesnake from South America in her arms, and took his belief from his mother's side of the house, which her ancestors brought from Guinea.

He would not permit a snake to be harmed.

Knowing that Gen. W. S. Hancock was in military command at Washington, D. C., in April, 1865, I asked him why he hung Mrs. Mary E. Suratt, an honest Catholic woman, when her son John was caught in the Egyptian army two years after and stood trial and was cleared. The General's answer was this: "When Mrs. S. was brought before the commission we asked her what she knew about the killing of Lincoln. She answered and said that the betrayal of the South by Lee and Johnson so infuriated J. Wilkes Booth, one of her boarders, that he decided to do something desperate, and, being an actor, he asked Mrs. Suratt on her honor, which would be the more dramatic, to kill Lee and Johnson or Lincoln and jump on the stage and tell the people why, 'Sic semper tyrannis,' or kill Lincoln after the theater at the coon whorehouse of Mollie T. Lincoln's joke on patronizing a nigger whorehouse was that 'he was used to coon skins out in Il-i-noy.' 'I told my boarder that it would be the most dramatic to shoot Lincoln and then jump on the stage and tell the people why.' We thought that Mrs. S. should have been truer to her government than she was to her word of honor. We were so mad and shocked that if the Virgin Mary had been in Washington and said she knew John Wilkes Booth we would have hung her." The hanging of Mrs. Mary Suratt cost Gen. W. S. Hancock the presidency in 1880, for when the Catholics of New York City got after him they gave him enough and plenty.

The future historian will give John Wilkes Booth the credit of being the bravest patriot of his day. "Sic semper tyrannis" and his last words, "Dulce est propatria mori," will last to his credit when time shall be no more.

Had Lee and Johnson been one-half as loyal to the South as our George Washington was, the South would have gained her independence. If these generals were tired of fighting, why did they not resign and let the Confederates form a "K. K. K.," which they did later, and overthrew the chattels which were armed and placed over their white women and children? There was nothing for the North to be proud of in destroying the South. It was like an elephant crushing out the life of a mouse. The North had the world to draw her troops from, and the day they

landed in Castle Garden they were mustered in the army and one-third the Eastern army could not speak the English language. When the men of the South were disabled, being blockaded, they had no place to draw recruits from."

During the winter of 1869, I was a student of medicine and attended Mercy Hospital. One day a Sister passed through one of the wards with that picture of A. Lincoln surrounded by his family, pretending to be reading the Bible, and it made Pat Kelly so mad that he almost fell off his cot and this was his reason: "I was a member of Hancock's veteran corps, and when Pickett made his charge a minnie ball unsexed me so that I have to wear a urinal and silver tube for life. We were taken down to Baltimore to the hospital, and Lincoln and a party of ladies visited it. Lincoln would go ahead, and when Mrs. W. H. Seward came up she said: 'Well, Mr. President, where was this soldier hurt?' I had whispered my misfortune in his ear, and the dirty backguard said: 'Mrs. S., if you had been in the same place at the same time you would not have been touched.'" This is the reason that she exposed that Gettysburg speech, which her husband, W. H. Seward, plagiarized from Thomas Jefferson's writings and Lincoln declaimed.

Everything that Lincoln got credit for during his reign was a fraud like that emancipation proclamation, six months after President Jefferson Davis had freed them. But they refused to leave their happy homes and the Federal soldiers had to corral them like animals as contrabands of war.

There was a picture executed by a patriot in Missouri, called "Martial Law," which occupies a prominent place in my reception hall, which should be on the wall of every S. A. R. to show his children the vile conduct of the Quadroon President's reign of terror and destruction.

To show you how perverted history which was brought out by the sympathy of the whole nation affects the present day, I will tell you that the D. A. R. last February never had a word to say about "the father of our country," but even had the president of the State University give them a dose of hero worship on the destroyer of our republic. Like the shoddy fellow that ran for Governor at the last election gave an address at the Chautauqua and referred to our

country as a "slave-holders' oligarchy." Was a more unpatriotic expression than this ever used by a British?

In June, 1909, I had a professional call to Dayton and went on to Columbus to show my wife where I spent seven years for a naval surgeon. If there was a bitter enemy of the first Republican President, it was the wife of Dr. William Trevitte. Her husband was chief surgeon on Taylor's staff during the Mexican War, and afterward Consul to Valparaiso, Chili, under President Buchanan. She was the lady that spread our flag at the doorway of the consulate and, flintlock in hand, dared the Spaniards to enter. She hated Ham Lincoln for being a traitor to his country and trying to starve our troops in Mexico.

Well, her grandson Carlos was the valedictorian of the high school, and when I asked him his subject, what do you think he said? "Abraham Lincoln." I said: "Where did you get that name, and what do you know about that fellow?" And his answer was his professor and his encyclopedia. He sent me a Columbus paper telling of his oration as being one of the finest ever delivered. When I got through with his hero it was the sorrow of his young life that he had not consulted me before selecting his subject.

When Lincoln was inaugurated President he surrounded himself by the brains of his party, and history has given him credit for this combination. All there was to him, he was a smutty joker with a wonderful memory. An incident of his nigger hate can be shown by his conduct. During the war he traced his mother's people to North Carolina and from there to Guinea. In early days of this country the masters put a record of their chattel in the cornerstones of the churches. He was not certain which it was, so he had the cornerstones of two Presbyterian churches removed and the contents destroyed. There is complaint of the male attendance at churches, but I tell you as long as the "wolves in sheep's clothing" get up in the pulpit on the 30th of May and eulogize a Voodist it will go from bad to worse.

Think of making an "Appian Way" from Harding county, Kentucky, to Macon county, Illinois, for a gang of British abolitionists and nigger refugees, as suggested by the Governor of the Sucker State.

To show you what liars the Lincolns were, one case will suffice. A pretended cousin

was hailed by a reporter, and he told him Abe was his cousin, and the first time he saw him was at Vincennes in an ox team, and this occurred two years before this fellow was born.

The meanest thing that Grover Cleveland ever did was to preside at a meeting at Cooper Institute to raise money for Booker Washington's harem at Tuskegee, Ala. Then think of our President Taft telegraphing his sympathy when he got caught peeping in a white woman's bedroom. What would Taft done if that would have been his wife or daughter? There is only one remedy for Booker and all those bastards of the Yankee soldiers, and that is castration.

The race problem should be settled by the S. A. R. Compel Congress to remove those infamous amendments that were tacked on a slaveholders' constitution, which were put there when the South was in chains. Compel every state to send their criminal niggers and their sympathizing federal judges with them to Africa. Put them on their good behavior or a trip to Africa, and there will be no trouble between the white and black races.

This hero worship of the first Republican President is very unpatriotic and unworthy of a republic, and the sooner the present generation wakes up to the fact that it was the universal sympathy of the people of this republic that made this perverted his tory the better for their intelligent followers.

When the future historian views the pictures of Gen. George Washington and Ham Lincoln he will observe "the maker and the destroyer of the greatest republic in the world's history. Those who know these facts as they existed have simply kept their tongues with a very few exceptions like the Rev. R. C. Cave at Little Rock, Arkansas, and every true American living at that time absolutely knows that every word that the Rev. R. C. Cave said was true.

It is very much out of place for a S. A. R. or a D. A. R. ever to pay any attention to Lincoln, and they disgrace their ancestors by so doing, and the sooner they wake up to this fact and do the subject justice the better for our common country.

It reminds me of a funny thing that happened the day after the last election. I had an errand at an old G. A. R.'s shop, and, without my referring to the day before, he

says: "Well, I would not have cared so much, but do you know that every soldier at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, O., voted the straight Democratic ticket?" I says to him, "Did you know that there were 252,000 more Democratic soldiers in the Northern army than Republicans? Did you know that the two battles for the North were fought by Democratic generals—Hancock at Gettysburg and James B. Steadman at Chickamauga?" "Oh, I done gone forgot that," he said.

Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham and his "Copperhead" and "Butternut" associates were all that kept Lincoln from turning this United States into the nastiest military despotism that had ever cursed the world's history, and the patriotic American citizens can never praise those brave heroes who faced everything for liberty and put a stop to a money-making war.

I heard a Rev. Cutler tell the truth about the first Republican President unintentionally a few Sundays since. He said that "Lincoln saw a slave sale at New Orleans, La., when he was working on a flatboat and he made a vow that if it ever came his way he would destroy the South," presumably to avenge his mother's people, who were chattels.

The silliest thing I have seen lately was a fellow at Macon, Ga., trying to Spear the Anglo-Saxon race and compel them to call a negro, colored. Why not "honey"? To call a negro a colored fellow is the most nonsensical expression that was ever used in the English language and a slur on an African and first used by an English wag when the 13 colonies were all slave. His wife, who had never seen a negro before, asked him what it was and his reply was that it was a "colored fellow." Her response was, "How silly—is black the only color?" The free negroes, thinking it a compliment in place of a slur, have used it ever since. W. H. Lewis and Teddy should go down to Macon and get a Spear and go to darkest Africa to enjoy their unalloyed abolitionism. Had President Buchanan executed every aid-er and abettor of Old Ossawatimie Brown, including Ham Lincoln, there would have been no war and the South today would have been a land flowing in milk and honey.

Our ancestors made this country. There were no laborers here. They went to Africa and procured chattel from their parents and

we would be retreant to our great-grand-fathers if we would not solve this problem. The first move would be to repeal those infamous amendments which have always been a disgrace to a slaveholders' Constitution and put them where they were before the South was in chains. Give every State the privilege to ship to Africa the disorderly negroes and you will hear no more of peonage cases. Let the Anglo-Saxon come into power again and there will be no temptation for an infidel President to appoint a negro assistant attorney general. Why not make a eunuch of Booker and that will cool him off and stop the money pouring into his harem at Tuskegee by a lot of fanatics. Think of the Sons of the American Revolution going to the polls and voting with their grandfathers' chattel. We are not as patriotic as the old Egyptians were who crossed the Nile and took the Africans from living in huts and eating their children, made eunuchs of them and when the Pyramids were completed returned them to their native land, where they went back to their old customs.

The great trouble has been that the English people have not realized that the negro will remain a Christian only while he is under Anglo-Saxon influence. Bishop Wilbenforce went over to Africa and brought back a bright negro, put him in school for 10 years, expecting that he would go back to Africa and Christianize the "Dark Continent." He went back and in six months "done gone forgot" the Christian religion, shed his clothes and was as big a Voodis as any of the other natives.

Before the South was driven out of the Union by Lincoln, there lived in the vicinity of Darien, Ga., a Presbyterian Elder by the name of Dunwiddie, who owned 300 negroes and raised Sea Island cotton. They all professed religion and their master promised them a Bible if they would learn to read and write. This was in 1860, and every chattel was able to write their name in their Bible. In 1876 the master's son and a doctor of divinity from New Hampshire went over to the old plantation to spend Sunday. There was nothing left but the negroes' quarters. All the old slaves knew their master's son and were almost beside themselves with joy. He told them that he had brought a preacher to hold services as his father used to do. He called for a Bible and not

one out of the 300 could be found, and they had "done gone forgot" the Saviour and gone back to Voodism. This was the minister's remark, "If an angel from heaven had told me what I saw today in the United States I would not have believed him."

When Sherman went from Atlanta to Savannah and found nothing to fight but pigs and chickens, singing "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave," the North acknowledged unwittingly why Lincoln drove the South out of the Union and destroyed our grandfathers' country. Let us demand the sale of the Philippines except a coaling station at Manila Bay and take the money and return to Africa the race who have been a curse to themselves ever since President Jefferson Davis freed them.

It is not often that a nation will avenge a murderer like Old Ossawatomie Brown. Look at Teddy, the renegade, when he returned from the Dark Continent. The first thing he did was to talk to a nigger meeting in New York. Then he goes to Kansas, bleeding Kansas, and eulogized the traitor Ossawatomie Brown, who was hung by Gov. Wise of Virginia in 1859 as a traitor, not only to his country, but his color. Teddy thought the coons in Africa looked so cute in their bare rear ends that he approved the hobble skirts for the Yankee females.

When the votes of 1860 were counted out and Douglas received the popular majority Lincoln knew that he was not the choice of the country, and when he went to Washington to be inaugurated he went as a tramp under disguise, with a military cloak and a Scotch cap.

Lincoln's library consisted of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Horace Greeley's Almanac, and they did more to prejudice the North against slavery than anything else. Harriet Beecher Stowe was well punished for her novel. In her latter days she went to Florida and a "shark" persuaded her to invest in an orange grove, and when she failed to get a profit because the "coons" thought she was their friend she made this observation at a Jacksonville hotel: "If I had known the nigger as well as I found him out, I never would have written 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Now why did not that Macon Spear get after Harriet? Indiana was not content by repudiating her State debt, but wanted to further put the State under a cloud by ap-

pointing the 12th day of February a legal holiday.

The idea of giving Lincoln credit for one of old Aesop's fables that he committed from an almanac. "You can fool some people all the time and all the people some time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," and one of Napoleon's expressions of "Don't cross a bridge till you get to it." The Mills House, Gettysburg, Pa., where Lincoln learned to commit Thomas Jefferson's speech, plagiarized by his secretary, William H. Seward of New York.

Think of the ignorance of a Pastime Club to celebrate the wrong day of the capture of Vincennes—Feb. 25, in place of the 24th day of February—and have a lawyer eulogize a fellow who had a smutty joke on George Rogers Clark like this: "The idea of giving Clark any credit. He went over there to celebrate Washington's birthday, did not get there till the night of the 23d, filed his hunters around a hill south of the stockade and the starving British thought it was an army. After dark he comes up to the French village and tells the French bitches to keep in, fires a few shots, and the next morning, Feb. 24, the British surrender to Clark. Why, those little French bitches could have done the same thing with broom sticks."

The cowardly surrender of Lee and Johnson was the vilest thing in the world's history. If they had possessed one-tenth the amount of patriotism of Patrick Henry or Gen. George Washington at Valley Forge, they would have turned their commands over to the brave women of the South or asked President Jefferson Davis to take command. Not one word of that surrender did Lincoln and Grant keep. As soon as the South laid down their arms Lincoln armed their chattels and put them over the Anglo-Saxon women and defenseless children of the land of Washington. The surrender was unexpected. Had President Jefferson Davis suspected Lee and Johnson's treachery he would have taken his family down to a port in North Carolina, boarded a privateer and escaped to British soil. After the surrender they found that all the spoons in the South had not been stolen, so they divided the country into military districts to make the plunder more thorough, and it remained so until the noble Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest and his brave Anglo-Saxons, as K. K. K.,

put the nigger down where his Maker placed him.

In 1873 I went to Vienna, Austria, to see the Senior Lorenze perform his new hip-joint treatment. We were in a semi-circle waiting, and Dr. Semmes, about a head shorter than I, was next to me. We noticed the scrutiny of the Mohammedans and finally Dr. S. asked whether we were objects of curiosity, and this was their reply: "You are lower than the aborigines of North America." When the South surrendered to Lincoln and Grant not one article of that surrender was kept by the North. You placed their former chattels armed over the white women and children and divided their country up into conquered territory. You are lower than Cortez in Mexico, or Pizarro in Peru." Well, Semmes looked at me and said, "Did you ever?" "If you are a sample of a Christian country, God deliver us from Christianity." Expect to be placed where you could not defend your country and I shook my head in mortification.

One of the special pets of Old Ham Lincoln was the Amalgamated School at Oberlin, O., where a white woman was degraded by being placed on a level with a nigger. In 1834 a nigger worshiper from England by the name of J. F. Oberlin who wished to prove that the Anglo-Saxon race was no better than the African race established this school in Lorain county, Ohio, to prove his theory, and from 1834 to 1861 there never was a negro graduate. The nearest to one was a fellow who was an Octoroon, by the name of Lankton, who was a chum of old Ham at Washington. The school had quite a setback when the President's daughter ran away to Pennsylvania and married a nigger barber. Think of the nastiness of a white man sending his daughter to Oberlin school.

Think of Ham Lincoln, the military dictator, having American citizens who were Democrats confined in military bastles for opinion's sake! Nero, fiddling when Rome was on fire, was nothing to be compared to Lincoln going to a low-down theater when the whole country was in deep mourning over the complete destruction of the South and loss to the North of her brave men. Then to think of a shoddy preacher getting up in his pulpit and eulogizing "the late lamented." No wonder the men do not attend church.

Had Lincoln kept his word of honor with Lee and Johnson, he never would have come to a violent death. Morris Schaff speaks of the magnanimity of the North towards the South after the sunset of the Confederacy in the Atlantic Monthly: "What a joke! The moment the South laid down their arms in good faith, Lincoln armed their former chattel and placed them over the white women and children of the South. The nastiest piece of treachery that was ever done in the world's history. When they found that all the spoons and valuables in the South had not been stolen, they placed such a renegade as Ben Butler in the saddle and hunted President Jefferson Davis down with blood hounds, and Masonry is all that prevented them from hanging the ex-Confederate President.

The greatest American humbugs were Ham Lincoln, P. T. Barnum, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Eddie and Teddie. First, his waving his sword, on horseback, on San Juan Hill; last his Amazon trip. Had he known the history of the United States, he would not have made such a foolish break. In 1854 my father was a Member of Congress and President Franklin Pierce ordered the exploration of the Amazon by our naval forces and it was thoroughly explored to its source and two volumes were published called "Explorations of the Valley of the Amazon," and every member of Congress, at that time, was presented with the volumes and I have those of my father's.

My father was editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer during the Mexican War, and President James K. Polk was so pleased with his support that he gave him a life-sized picture of Gen. Andrew Jackson in a black walnut frame, which hangs in my bedroom. A Whig Senator from Ohio said in the U. S. Senate in 1846, "If I was a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome the American troops with bloody hands to hospital graves," and Ham Lincoln, who was sent to the House of Representatives, as a joke, got up in the House and repeated the traitorous language. Think of Ham Lincoln, a traitor to United States, when the Hon. Jefferson Davis was at Buena Vista and saved the Hoosier soldiers from capture with a regiment of Mississippians. In 1863 Lincoln thought he would punish my father for roasting him during the Mexican War, so ordered his arrest and confinement in

Fort Lafayette, and all that prevented the outrage was the fact that Gov. Brough of Ohio was a renegade Democrat, Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War, a renegade Democrat, and my father, all belonged to the same Masonic lodge, and when Lincoln's order came to Columbus, O., Gov. Brough telegraphed back that there were not enough men in Ohio to arrest my father, and Old Ham had to rescind the order. Lincoln turned this country into a money aristocracy. If a boy was poor he would draft him into the army. If rich he would pay him all kinds of interest for the use of his cash. He would tell the girls not to work in their mothers' kitchens, but learn to be book-keepers, then they could get a job in an office and make enough in the day to pay their board and room and at night to get their duds. Before 1860 this was the greatest country that had ever existed in the world's history. The West fed the country. The South raised crops that were manufactured in the East. Everything went on like a well-regulated family. No strikes. No labor troubles. It was an asylum for the oppressed of Europe. Everything was done for the poor and the rich took care of themselves. The first Republican President turned the United States into a money aristocracy and it remained so until President Woodrow Wilson took charge of the affairs of state and it will take him or any other man more than four years to right this great wrong to the Sons of the American Revolution.

The world should know what a refined, cultivated family Lincoln's mother's people were, who lived over in Harding county, Kentucky. One incident will suffice. Tom Hanks lived near an old-time tavern where traveling men used to stop to buy tobacco. One day one of these boys happened out to a shed. He thought he saw a jackass emptying his bladder, but when he looked again, he saw it was Tom. So when he went in he reported his discovery to the boys, and when Tom came in they made up a \$5-purse for Tom to show up. This was an annual affair and Dina got the cash. Well, the Baptist preacher came around and when he gave Tom a bath, with his big lips, he came near shutting off his wind. The parson told Tom if he ever showed up to those boys again he would drown him. So the next time the boys made the tavern Tom would not show up, and when Tom went home without any

cash for Dina, she was mad and said, "You fool nigger. You go back and tell those gem-mens if they come up here, I will throw my clothes over my head and show them Uncle Tom's Cabin for 25 cents apiece."

Bob Ingersoll admired Lincoln's infidelity and tried to make a hero out of Ham. Bob's abolitionism made him a close friend to a Methodist bishop who was dangerously ill in California and would see no one. Bob sent up his card and was admitted at once and he asked the reason of this honor, to which the bishop replied, "Bob, I expect to meet my Christian friends after I cross the river, but I leave you here and we never meet again." After Bob left the hotel he could not help crying and he told his companions what the bishop said, and it took him back to his boyhood when his saintly Democratic mother would have him kneel and say his simple, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., in that faraway New York town, and without his supper he went to bed sobbing, and with the morning the Holy Spirit left him to his choice and never returned,

and it is safe to say that he passed over into the northeast corner of hell to have the northwest wind blow ashes into his eyes throughout eternity, with his old chum, Ham.

Old Nancy Hanks Lincoln, knowing that her son was a descendant of Ham, thought it was no more than right to call her son Abraham, as his friends would call him Ham for short.

No wonder those Georgia students burned 300 histories when they found that they were perverted. Just think of a censorship being put on the press of this United States for 45 years for fear that the truth might leak out. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and when the younger generation find out how the truth about Old Ham Lincoln has been perverted there will be a great demand for authentic histories and they will find out that Ham Lincoln was the nastiest tyrant that ever cursed any nation, and he, too, adopted Nero's motto, that the object of life was "to raise hell."

"Magna est veritas et prevalebit."

